Supernatural, Gabriel/Sam, tuxedo t-shirt

“You are the worst boyfriend *ever*."

"It's only the school dance, Sammy, and you know I can't afford a tux, so I figured I'd make do, y'know?"

Sam, needless to say, was appalled. Gabriel's skintight tuxedo shirt was giving him big 'oh god no' signals and Gabriel had already dragged him to this dance thing and now he had to dance with Gabriel in that shirt -

Gabriel leaned up and whispered in his ear "I promise that I won't cover you in chocolate sauce tonight during sex," and Sam, recalling visions of the last time that happened and he had to wash the sheets - he didn't argue, wouldn't dare to argue, and went to dance with Gabriel.

Even if Dean would tease him about it for the rest of the schoolyear.

(sequel)

They got odd looks, but that was nothing new - being Gabriel's official boyfriend meant that life was automatically judged as weird by the other kids, and Sam was used to that.

No, what scared Sam was that Gabriel actually knew how to *dance*. He'd never seen Gabriel dance before, and here he was, switching to the waltz for slow songs and something faster and up against Sam's chest for the fast ones, and Sam could mostly just shuffle, but that was enough, because Gabriel was obviously carrying the show.

"Gabriel, none of that," Sam hissed after Gabriel decided to go with the 'grind against Sam's front for this song' approach, but Gabriel just grinned and kissed him.

That drew stares, at least from people who knew Sam and his firm law of 'no kissing / hugging / anything more than groping me' in public.

But...Sam could see and feel that Gabriel, as flippant as he seemed in the kiss, was nervous, probably afraid of a rejection, and so Sam sighed and hugged Gabriel and even if that made Gabriel stop dancing and drew more stares, well, that was okay.